



"THE
HARVEST
INDEED
IS
GREAT,
BUT
THE
LABORERS
ARE
FEW.
"PRAY
YE
THEREFORE



THE
LORD
OF
THE
HARVEST,
THAT
HE
SEND
LABORERS
INTO
HIS
HARVEST."

St. Luke x- 2

The
Messenger
of Our Lady
of Africa

Published by
THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN

NEW JERSEY

RECOMMENDATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY
THE LATE BISHOP OF TRENTON, N. J.

I wish to recommend herewith most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Their work is truly Apostolic and is most dear to the heart of our beloved Holy Father, Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions. Any encouragement that you may give to them will be blessed most abundantly by Our Divine Master, JESUS CHRIST, who died on the Cross that all men may have Eternal Life. This Congregation of Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, we have made our very own in the Diocese of Trenton. Their work I have deemed most worthy of my special protection and I commend them most heartily to our good priests and faithful people.

Imprimatur:

+JOHN J. McMAHON
Bishop of Trenton,
Trenton, N. J.

Remember the Orphans

THE WHITE SISTERS are caring for almost a thousand little children in their Orphanages who have but one fault: INSATIABLE APPETITES! In these days of *depression* this is



a serious fault indeed and the future would be very gloomy if the Sisters did not count on the assistance of the Little Flower of Lisieux, to whom they have entrusted the care of their orphans.

Daily folding their hands together, these little ones ask their holy protectress to shower heavenly roses upon their benefactors.

Any offering, no matter how small, for the ORPHANS' BREAD will be greatly appreciated by the Sisters. In return benefactors will have the prayers of these little ones and, better still, the blessing of Him Who was once a poor child Himself and who said: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."—St. Matthew XXV.

For information apply to Rev. Mother Superior, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



Published and edited with ecclesiastical approbation bi-monthly by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, N. J.

Subscription One Dollar a Year

Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office at Metuchen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Legal Status of the Mohammedan Woman In Northern Africa

(Concluded)



WHEN he returned to Kabylia, he wished to buy a house. He found one which suited his requirements at the price of 4,500 francs, but he could afford no more than 4,000. His wife advised of his difficulty, handed him five notes of 100 francs, telling him that she had saved this amount on her house-keeping allowance by economizing and by earning money herself at the workroom.

The children of our Catholics differ from the others not only in their dress which is clean and modest but also in the expression of their countenance which denotes frankness and self-respect. Even their complexion is clearer as a result of clean habits and more wholesome food. There is no trace of that abusive insolence directed at the mother's authority, nor of that contempt and aversion for the daughters of the family, who, among the Catholics are treated with the same

consideration as the boys. Noble and delicate feelings have been made to bloom in these hearts which once were sterile.

* * * *

There is pressing need of the regeneration of the native woman. In Algeria alone there are 450,000 girls deprived of the means of acquiring any education or moral training.

The small proportion who represent the elite, 3,000 in the workrooms and 6,700 in the schools cannot suffice to civilize the masses. The whole population must be raised to the level of these choice few and for that to be possible, more schools must be provided. If there were 200 schools instead of the 43 which exist, if in each native center there were Sisters to educate the women and teach them, especially, how to care for their children, the complete regeneration of the native woman would be hastened. But our zeal cannot achieve the desired results without the support of more workers and without financial aid.

We must train girls to be good wives and mothers, for, as Joseph de Maistre wisely said: "Morally speaking, a man will be what he was at the age of ten. No teaching can replace the Mother's early training of the child."

Sr. Mary Andrew of the Sacred Heart, W. S.

Light, Optic and Divine



found narrow dark streets where the sun cannot penetrate between the tall and crowded houses.

In one of these poor quarters of the city which, we are told, that before the conquest of Algeria by the French, was most beautiful, may be found a little dispensary, the walls and fittings of which are all white. It stands as an oasis in an arid desert and receives on the average 125 patients every morning.

Striking is the contrast between the brightness and whiteness of the waiting rooms and the soiled, ragged clothes of the poor Arabs who press in and who, for the most part, cannot enjoy the beauties of nature, for here we specialize in eye diseases. A great number of our patients are hardly able to see at all.

You may think it rather monotonous to care only for eyes, putting collyrium in them during a whole morning. No, let me assure you, there is a great deal of variety and interest in our work, or rather judge for yourself:

Long before the dispensary door is opened, our clients are already waiting outside. Some talk noisily, others press near the door so as to be first served, and here and there are groups of veiled women with children. Those in the corner, who are having lunch, have come all the way from Biskra, for their customs betray them.

When I open the wicket to ask for the cards or to inscribe new names, I am greeted with: "Good morning, Sister, how are you?" It is Mohammed, one of our faithful patients, who, on arriving at the dispensary for the first time, had been completely blind for two weeks. Although his sight has not yet totally returned, he is more than satisfied, and very grateful. If I ask him: "And you, Mohammed, how are you?" he answers invariably: "I am

better than I was." After his treatment, he never forgets to say: "Goodbye, Sister," and leaves, leaning on his stick and setting his glasses on his nose, to begin the same little scene the next day.

Several months ago when Mohammed, suffering terribly, decided to come to us, we wondered at God's merciful designs, using the blindness of a father to save the soul of a child, Mohammed underwent an operation and was sent home—as we must do for all our patients. Two Sisters went to visit him. At the sick



Some of our p

father's side, there was a baby girl in great suffering, to whom they gave the best care possible. She was baptized and, a few hours later, the newly-made child of God went to claim her rights. How often are we not witnesses of God's merciful goodness!

But let us come back to our patients. Without stopping, collyrium is put into sore eyes; eye-washes and hypodermic injections succeed one another with encouraging words and exhortations to be patient. One weeps, the other sees clouds, while another has sand in his eyes, etc.,—when, all of a sudden, there is a squabble—a woman in a hurry jostles the others in order to press her turn. But soon, quiet is restored and the treatments continue

until new worries begin. This time it is the turn of the babies. At the first drop of sulphate of zinc, they gratify us with a serenade of remarkable harmony!

As soon as the doctor arrives, the operations begin, after which, what is left of the morning is spent in the consultation room.

Here now, an old woman comes forward: "I cannot see far away; I need glasses." We try our best to satisfy her but we are in a dilemma to find out whether she sees better with or without them. Next, it is an old client, who says: "I see much better; however, the white spot is still there. I would rather not see at all than to have that spot."

It is a pleasure for us to be able to relieve



of our patients

these poor, unfortunate beings and realize their touching gratitude. The treatments are given gratuitously but, at times, our patients drop a little coin in the poor-box: a poor man's alms for a poorer one.

We also receive offerings in kind: patients coming from afar offer an egg or two and proudly tell us: "We brought them from Biskra." After an operation, if they wish to express their gratitude, it is again with eggs "that come from Biskra." Evidently, they are not "guaranteed newly-laid."

Flowers and fruit are also in style. Thus, the other day a poor old man, wishing, despite his poverty, to show his appreciation for the care he had received, offered the Sister

a pomegranate which he produced from the hood of his burnoose. Later, meeting another Religious at the door, he drew forth, from the same receptacle, a few pancakes; and, after patting, folding and patting them again, with the same good-will he wanted to give them to her. It took a great deal of persuasion to convince the poor man that he needed them himself, for he was in want of food. The Arabs are religious in their own way and when, not obliged to accept their presents, we say:

"We work for God. He will reward us."

They answer: "It is for God's sake that we give it to you."

Our patients have great respect for the Sisters, and we have often remarked that the men bow in passing us. Sometimes the old women kiss our hands and some go so far as to say:

"On earth you are nearer to God than we, Mohammedans, and in Heaven you will be still nearer to Him."

To illustrate further the thankfulness of the Arab, one, who had brought us a group of women to be treated, said: "When you come to our village, you will not walk; we will carry you."

This confidence and gratitude, which our efforts have awakened, pave the way to conversions. We cannot hope, as yet, to convert large numbers of Mohammedans but, through charity, we can exert a beneficial influence on their lives. We pray and ask your prayers that the day may soon come when the Cross of Christ will replace the Crescent of Islam as the symbol of Faith.

Besides the dispensary, we have another interesting work of charity: the preservation of Catholic Arab girls who work in Algiers. We bring them together at the convent every Sunday and we try to entertain them, to keep them from the dangers of the city. They play games and we award small prizes to the winners.

A little prayer for the success of our work will draw down God's blessings upon us.



Through the streets of Algiers

Sr. Marie Radegonde, W. S.

A Lesson in Bible History

SUMWE, MWANZA

OUR children are wide-awake and they like to ask questions, which are at times rather amusing.

Today's lesson was on the Creed, and I must make sure that they have understood:

"Aloysia, tell me, who first taught the Christian religion?"

"It was Our Lord."

"And when Our Lord went back to heaven, whom did he appoint to do the work?"

"The Apostles."

"Who was chosen by Our Lord to be the chief of the Apostles?"

"St. Peter."

"Who takes the place of St. Peter now and where does he live?"

"The Pope; he lives at Rome, Sister."

And Agatha (who is always hungry for knowledge):

"Sister, can the Negroes be Popes?"

"Not for a long time, Agatha, neither you nor I will ever see a Negro Pope."

"But, Sister, can the Negroes go to Rome to see the Pope?"

"Yes, several have been there: Father Stephano from the Congo and some great Baganda Chiefs; the Bapatri (Missionary Fathers) took them to Rome to see the Pope."

"Which road do you take to go to Rome? Could we go some day?"

"Yes, if you have enough shillings. You will take the train at Manthare, as far as Dar-es-Salem; there you will take a ship and cross the sea and in a few weeks, you will be in Rome."

"How many shillings does it cost?"

"Many, perhaps thousands."

"Oh! then we shall never go. Where could we find so many shillings?"

"Now, children, let us go on with the lesson. When Our Lord went to heaven, what did the Apostles do? Did they rest?"



"No, St. Peter told each one in whatever country he had to teach, and that they would suffer, they and their disciples, because the people did not want Our Lord's religion. Most of them died martyrs."

Then I tell them of the holy women: "Saint Mary Magdalen and Saint Martha, who were the sisters of Lazarus, and Saint Salome went to teach like the Apostles and the people put them in a boat. Pushing the boat out to sea, they thought these disciples would drown, but God saved them miraculously and they reached France safely."

Agatha has a question to ask: "Sister, Sister, but Lazarus, why did he not row? That's a man's work."

"There were no oars, Agatha, I forgot to tell you that."

And now the Old Testament: "Eliezer set out to seek a wife for Isaac." (The little girls prick up their ears) "He had many camels and precious gifts for the woman whom he would choose for his master's son."

This is very real to them; they know the desert and the caravans.

"When Eliezer had found Rebecca, he took her back with him to be Isaac's wife."

"And what about the camels?" cried Paulina.

"O, Paulina, don't you know?" said Rosalia, "The ten camels were to pay the dowry to Rebecca's parents. Instead of oxen, Abraham gave camels."

They settle these questions in their own way according to their experience, which is so different from that of American children.

Sr. Marie Ludowica, W. S.

Several Good Ways to Help the Missionary Sisters

The perpetual adoption of a Missionary Sister	\$2,500.00
The annual adoption of a Missionary Sister	125.00
To support a dispensary for a year	40.00
The annual adoption of a child in one of the Sisters' orphanages	40.00
To ransom a woman or young girl for a Catholic marriage	20.00
Provide bread for a child, monthly	1.00
To build a hut for a patient in Central Africa	10.00
To support a leper in a hut for a month	2.00
To clothe a girl so that she may go to school for a year	5.00
To keep a sanctuary lamp burning for a month	1.00

SPIRITUAL FAVORS AND ADVANTAGES

All those who help the missions in one way or another will share in the Masses, prayers and good works offered up daily by the Missionaries and the natives for their Benefactors.

Three Masses are celebrated every month for the intentions of the Benefactors.

The Conversion of a Sorcerer

KASA, a famous sorcerer, lived in the village of Kasenene, Uganda. He was known far and wide and feared for his evil practices.

One day his heart was touched with grace: Kasa felt a desire to pray. He went to the Mission center of Bujuni and asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion; but he would not promise to give up the lucrative practice of sorcery. He could not be baptized; so he returned to his village.

Some of his Catholic neighbors, who had heard of this, approached him one day and said: "Everyone thinks you are still a sorcerer. You began to pray, but that is not enough. You should prove that you want to become a true child of God."

Kasa took these words to heart and he set out for the mission carrying with him the two horns which he used to perform his magic. He said he would burn them publicly as an acknowledgment that he was converted. The Missionary, to whom he disclosed his intention, urged him to perform this act of renunciation in his own village which had been the principal scene of his activities as a sorcerer and Kasa returned to his home.

Sometime later the Missionary visited the village. As soon as he heard of his arrival, Kasa came to him with the horns. "This one," he said, "is called Birimbo, I use it to insure the success of the hunters who come to me for help before an expedition." Needless to say Kasa exacted his share of the bag.

The power of the second horn was invoked by childless parents, and if a son was born he was delivered to the evil influence of the sorcerer. If the child was a girl, Kasa claimed a share of the dowry paid by her husband when she was married.

Asked to reveal the source of his power, Kasa admitted that the devil was his master and that he was always successful in his enterprises.

He was ordered to burn the horns in the presence of all the villagers assembled in front of the church. He obeyed, and after this proof of his good will, he was liberated from the powers of darkness. He accompanied the Missionary to Bujuni to complete his religious education. Then he was baptized and named Damien.

Thus is satan robbed of his victims and new Catholics enrolled under the banner of Christ.

SR. M. CHARLES LUANGA, W. S.

Echoes from Africa

One of the great pagan chiefs of the Soudan, whom the Europeans call "The Emperor of Mossi" had been warned that some misfortune would befall him. He

was seen to enter the Church with only a page in attendance instead of his usual body-guard. He prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, he, the chief, the sovereign lord of thousands of subjects.

Only God knows what his motives were. Did some instinct or a tiny spark of Faith impel him to seek in a Catholic church the protection of something more powerful than sorcery?

"Johanna," asked the Sister to a little child, "Do you say your prayers before and after meals?"

"Always, Sister."

"And what do you say?"

"Before dinner I say, 'Bless me O Lord and the food I am about to take,' and after dinner I say, 'Bless me O Lord and the food I have taken.'"

At School

The teacher questioned her little pupils: "What will you do when you grow up?"

The first little negro boy answered: "I am going to be a bricklayer to earn money, then I shall marry and have a wife and children and every night we shall say our prayers before the crucifix."

"And you," asked the Sister to the second one, "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to be a catechist because there is no finer work than to make God known to others."

Stamps! Stamps!

The White Sisters would be grateful to all those who would send to them their cancelled stamps. This is an easy way of helping the Missions.



Sorcerer of Central Africa

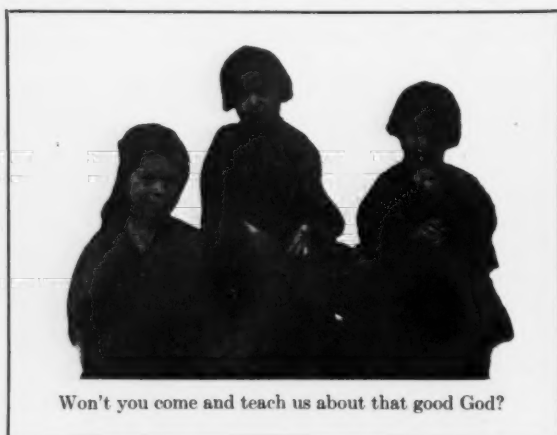
The Great Want

WE had left Tunis at dawn and were riding through a beautiful country. Everything was bathed in sunshine, the far-off mountains, the rocky beds of the dried-up streams, the undulating plains entrancing with the soft green of the olive trees and the darker tone of the giant eucalyptus or the rich brown where the earth had been turned over by the ploughman, and overhead the blue sky of Tunis!

Next to us, in the train, was a family of Bedouins, a mother with a little boy in her arms and a little girl of perhaps six, clinging to her skirt. We felt that they were studying us. They know that in the Sisters' hearts there is kindness for the Arabs for whom they have left their country and loved ones.

"Babassat?" (You are Sisters?) asked the mother and the conversation began.

"And you, what is your name? What part of the country do you come from, and where are you going? No doubt, these are your children; how are they? Are you well? And your husband, what does he do?"



Won't you come and teach us about that good God?

She answered the questions simply, one by one, leaving us to piece together the story of her life: the tent in the desert; the young husband suffering from a lingering illness, and dying in the hospital, far away in the great city; the mother and children living in want until the day a brother-in-law—the new lord and master—arrived to claim his deceased brother's wife and children as his inheritance; their unwelcome coming by the mistress of the tent, and the hardships that followed.

Poor woman, her appearance showed her poverty: her face was pale and wan; her blue dress was faded; and the silver brooches, bracelets and anklets, so dear to an Arab woman's heart, were gone. Only a necklace of coral and shells was left, from which hung a charm, the hand of Fathma.

At our words of pity and consolation, she shrugged

her shoulders hopelessly and her silence seemed to recall the events of a sad past, the fear of a gloomy present and a future without joy. But the Sisters were more interesting at present than her misfortune, and, quite at ease, she asked:

"And you Sisters, where do you come from?"

"We come from Carthage. Do you know where it is?"

"No, it is very far away. What do you do there? Do you nurse the sick?"

"No, not I, but there are Sisters who do. I teach little girls like yours. They come every day to learn to make carpets, lace and baskets. They earn money in this way, even the little ones, and when they are older they work in their homes. You see, with us they learn to work and they learn to be good. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Can your little girl do any of these things?"

"No."

"Would you like to send her to the Sisters?"

"Yes, I would indeed."

"Are there any Sisters in your part of the country?"

"Bledi? Bla chey!" (My country? Nothing there!)

We understand the significance of these two words: "Bla chey" and the expressive gesture which accompanied them, "Nothing there!" It is the sad lament which rises silently from each village lying on the plains, from the mountain huts, from the vast expanses of land, however rich they may be in pasture and sunshine; from the little shepherds on the hills, from the groups of children at their play and the women at their toil! It is the cry of want!

Want of the truth, want of charity and sympathy, blessed flowers which bloom in other lands but whose seed has not been sown in theirs. There are no hospitals for the sick and the dying, no schools to keep the children from the evil influence of their surroundings, no workrooms in which to learn and to earn an honest living.

Do Catholics realize the need of these unhappy people? If they did, would there not be more to answer the call of Christ who "seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them: because they were distressed, and lying like sheep that have no shepherd." (St. Matthew IX-36)¹.

Sr. Marie Guenole, W. S.

¹A Postulate is open at Metuchen, N. J. for girls who feel a calling to work in the African Missions. Information regarding this same work is readily given to everyone who desires it.

